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# SONGS OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY  
LANGSTON BACON.



BOSTON  
RICHARD G. BADGER  
THE GORHAM PRESS

KD 19731

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**Made in the United States of America**

**Press of J. J. Little & Ives Company, New York, U. S. A.**

To those, who, each passing day,  
Pleasant hours, would while away,  
May they all, some pleasure find  
As they read these songs of mine.

Langston Bacon





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# **SONGS OF EVERY DAY LIFE**



# SONGS OF EVERY DAY LIFE

## MORNING SERENADE

Awake, O! awake, for the morning is here,  
A song of joy, we bring to thy ear,  
Awake, O! awake, from thy hour of slumber,  
And list to the songs we have without number.

We are singing to you, and glad it is day,  
That the shadows of night have faded away,  
We are so happy, with a mad roundelay,  
Awake, O! awake, and our message obey.

The lark, it has gone, soaring after the sun,  
So glad is he, that the day has begun,  
We all join the chorus and sing now as one,  
No place for the sluggard, and we will have none.

We birds, from the forest, our melody bring,  
Our hearts are so full, that we cannot but sing,  
Then awake, O! awake, while the dew's on the  
flow'rs,

Join with us, with us, in this chorus of ours.

Oh! joy it is, with melody sweet,  
The coming of day, with gladness to greet;  
Awake, O! awake, and join in our song,  
And then you'll be happy, all the day long.

## SPRING

The daisies are in bloom,  
The dandelion is here,  
It comes with yellow face,  
To give the world its cheer.

Cockrobin takes his step,  
With brilliant front of red,  
He seems to say, I'm proud  
Old Winter now has fled.

The bluebird and the thrush,  
The lark, is soaring high,  
Bring forth a song of joy,  
I love you, bright blue sky.

And youth, it smiles anew,  
With joy in its eye,  
It says, I'm with my own,  
As Spring is passing by.

Ah! troubles, flee away,  
And gloom, thou noisome thing,  
Go hide thy face from me,  
Thou are no part of Spring.



MAMMA

I passed along, by mansion fair,  
And saw the merry children there,  
No sweeter sound did I e'er hear,  
That fell upon my passing ear,  
Than mamma.

I passed along by lowly cot,  
Saw playing there within their lot,  
The little ones, in tatters there,  
No sweeter sound was in the air,  
Than mamma.

Where'er I found the little child,  
With tear drop or with winsome smile,  
The fairest, sweetest word that came,  
Was when repeating that sweet name,  
Of mamma.

Where'er I go and children meet,  
There is a name that's ever sweet,  
It sounds as if from angel fair,  
As falling sweetly on the air,  
O! mamma.

---

*Songs of Every Day Life*

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. As from the past there comes a sound,  
It makes my heart with joy abound,  
I feel again as child at play,  
When I was wont to fondly say,  
O! mamma.

The fairest name that e'er was won,  
Beneath the ever shining sun,  
More to be desired far, than fame,  
Is that blessed, God given name,  
Of mamma.

### TOO BUSY

Too busy to stop, a kind word to say,  
As you hasten along life's busy way,  
Too busy, a word of good cheer to send,  
To gladden the heart of an absent friend.

Too busy, in the rush and conflict of life,  
A hand to lend, who fall in the strife,  
Too busy, to stop and linger a while,  
To gladden some heart with th' boon of a smile.

Too busy to hear when there comes a sigh  
From heart of a sad one, standing near-by,  
Too busy. But death will give check to thy run,  
And crumpled, life's ended, with no joy done.

A life which had no thought for another,  
And never felt that man was thy brother,  
Who naught of joy to the world e'er gave,  
But to self hath been the veriest slave.

You will go, but with no pang of regret,  
The world never sighed for th' selfish one yet,  
You'll get what you gave, which was nothing here,  
Not a sigh nor a thought, a smile nor a tear.

### A LITTLE BIRD SANG

A little bird sang,  
It sang merrily,  
As it sat on a limb,  
On a limb of a tree.

It sang with joy,  
To thrill you and me.  
A sound, and little bird  
Lay dead 'neath the tree.

Alas! little bird,  
Seems thus it must be,  
That some evil will come,  
Cause one's joy to flee.

Here there is no good,  
No joy bearer,  
But soon is thus killed  
By some poisoned arrow.

And so, little bird,  
A pang comes to me,  
As arrow to thy heart,  
As you sang in the tree.

A pang, when gladness  
Doth fill me with joy,  
And sorrows do come,  
The boon to destroy.

---

*Songs of Every Day Life*

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The little bird sang,  
Thus sang in the tree,  
A bearer of gladness  
For you and for me.

Good-by, little bird,  
With thy song in the tree,  
You gave it untrammelled,  
As blessings ever should be.

A SMILE

Old Boreas came down,  
With a grimace and frown,  
And all in a night,  
Dressed the country in white.  
And to city and town,  
Gave a radiant gown,  
Which he cast on the fly,  
As he hastened grimly by.  
Not a stop did he make,  
But cold was in the wake  
Of his trip to the Southland,  
So frigid and so cold,  
He seemed very bold,  
But was met by a smile,  
So he tarried a while,  
And the influence he felt,  
Caused him to very soon melt.  
And soon there was in sight,  
A bright robe of delight,  
As in the sunny hours,  
There blossomed the flowers.  
A moral, we may learn  
At most every turn  
Of nature. And from this,  
I reason not amiss,  
When I say that a smile  
Will win after a while,  
Make a countenance of gloom  
Become like flower in bloom.

**THERE IS A WORLD THAT'S ALL  
MY OWN**

There is a world that's all my own,  
And in that fair domain  
I am the King of all I see,  
And there alone do reign.

I hold the keys that bar that land,  
And none can there intrude,  
Unless I will it shall be so,  
When in receptive mood.

This Kingdom goes far in the past,  
To every land and clime,  
And in the present, it hath sway,  
As well as future time.

There is no limit to the sweep  
Of my imperial sway,  
And there my subjects homage give,  
Implicitly obey.

When light of mood, and joy's in me,  
I see a gladsome day,  
When solemn thoughts should take my time,  
I bid the joys go way.

Where is this Kingdom that I hold,  
My imperial confine?  
It is the realm that I do have,  
Within my reasoning mind.

## WOOING OF MORPHEUS

When weary I retire to bed,  
And on my pillow lay my head,  
I say to each and every care,  
You must not, cannot, enter there.

It is enough for you to stay  
And give me worry through the day,  
But when I say the last good-night,  
I want you then to take your flight.

I go to bed for quiet and rest,  
And though you there may me invest,  
Unto my bed rail you may go,  
But farther on, the word is, No.

Within that fold, there must not run  
The thoughts of what the day hath done,  
Or thoughts of what there soon will be,  
When the tomorrow comes to me.

My will doth the condition hold,  
And has the mind under control,  
And pleasant thoughts are brought to stay,  
As there in bed, I quiet lay.

In mind, I read some pleasant book,  
Or else, I wander to some nook  
Of woodland, where the balmy air  
Doth soothe away the lines of care.



---

*Songs of Every Day Life*

---

Else, I recall sweet words of song,  
To lure fickle Morpheus along,  
Who o'er me will his vigil keep,  
As soundly there, I sweetly sleep.

## THAT MAKE ME SIGH

It's not the dead,  
Who pass away,  
But it's the living,  
Who with us stay,  
    That make me sigh.

It is the living,  
Who once were dear,  
Who have forgot  
That we are here,  
    That make me sigh.

That time should break  
The golden chain  
Of friendship here,  
Doth give me pain,  
    And makes me sigh.

That distance, too,  
Should cause to end  
The dearest ties  
Of one, my friend,  
    That makes me sigh.

That varying scenes  
Should me erase,  
And others come  
And take my place,  
    That makes me sigh.

---

*Songs of Every Day Life*

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Oh! may there come  
Some time, a day,  
When friendships will  
Not pass away,  
Then I'll not sigh.

MY OLD SETTEE

There's an old settee,  
That sitteth there,  
Updone in plush, as  
An old arm chair.

Babyhood hath found  
There, place for rest,  
And sweetly slept,  
As on mother's breast.

The girl and the boy,  
When tired of play,  
There, hath found the place  
Where they could lay.

It has been the place  
Lovers have sought,  
When they were alone,  
With but one thought.

---

*Songs of Every Day Life*

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And there, too, the old  
Have found repose,  
As quiet, they took  
Their afternoon doze.

Thou, for a hundred years,  
A tale could tell,  
Of joy and sorrow,  
Thou knowest well.

Of the gay, who laughed  
Upon thy breast,  
And the sad, who there  
Found peace and rest.

Thou hast, all in all,  
Served in thy time,  
The young and the old,  
And man in his prime.

Oh! well hast thou done,  
We say of thee,  
Thou faithful servant,  
My old settee.

## MORNING

The rosy tints of morning  
Are pictured on the sky,  
As rolls away the robes  
Of night, that passeth by.

The birds are up, and singing  
A merry roundelay,  
As comes the hasty step  
Of morning on the way.

The plow boy, to the field,  
Goes whistling along,  
The milk maid makes response  
With merry words of song.

There is an airy brightness,  
The morn doth with it bring,  
Joy should be in every heart,  
New life in everything.

Oh! glory to the morning,  
As bright begins the day,  
Would that life were all morning,  
And would not pass away.

WHEN FRIENDS UNTRUE DOTH BOW  
ME DOWN

When friends untrue do bow me down,  
And love doth meet me with a frown,  
'Tis then that sadness takes my heart,  
And gladness from it doth depart.

I feel as if I'd go away,  
And in the forest I would stay,  
Where nature doth dominion hold,  
Then joy'd come unto my soul.

The forest tree, it there would be  
A faithful friend, then unto me,  
And lovely flowers would drive away  
The sorrows that infest the day.

The song of birds, a welcome there,  
Would help me then my sorrows bear,  
And there in forest, all alone,  
I soon would cease for friends to mourn.

AS COMES THE DAWN

As comes the dawn,  
Day, tripping on,  
And now, I say,  
Stop on your way,  
Swift moving day.  
I cannot stay,  
Says hast'ning day,  
For, very soon,  
I must meet noon,  
But not repose,  
To take a doze,  
But on I go,  
For there comes night  
To meet my flight,  
With dress of black,  
And I'm no more.  
I'll not come back,  
For I have gone  
To seek for morn,  
And what is true,  
Life to renew.  
And, so like day,  
Runs life away.  
There is a smile,  
And for a while,  
Then we delight,  
In robes of white.  
Then for a time,

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*Songs of Every Day Life*

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Life sees its prime,  
Soon quickly comes,  
As moves the light,  
Old age is here,  
Which is but night;  
And then, alack,  
Come folds of black,  
And life is gone.  
It likewise, too,  
Doth seek a life,  
A life anew,  
And bids adieu,  
This life to you.



## MY LITTLE LAD

My little lad,  
He made me glad,  
As morn began the day,  
And I was glad,  
With little lad,  
Till evening passed away.

Oh! little boy,  
You were a toy,  
I trundled on my knee,  
You were so glad,  
And never sad,  
It was a joy for me.

It makes me sad,  
My little lad  
Has grown to man's estate,  
No longer he  
Doth now meet me,  
With joy, at the gate.

It seems, somehow,  
He has not now,  
The love he had for me,  
It makes me start,  
And stings my heart,  
That such a change should be.

---

*Songs of Every Day Life*

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Oh! can it be,  
While on my knee,  
His heart was nearer then,  
Than since the time,  
A man, in prime,  
He works as one with men?

Oh! sunny boy,  
So full of joy,  
It overflowed thy heart,  
I mourn to see  
The day to be,  
That it should thus depart.

### THE RICH, THE POOR

There are the rich, there are the poor,  
It always has, and will be so.  
It was ordained, to me, it seems,  
Regardless of Utopian dreams,  
That to be just, and to be fair,  
We all should have an equal share  
Of worldly goods. In part, 'tis true,  
The air, in truth, belongs to all,  
Likewise, the starry sky of blue.  
The sun doth visit every spot,  
The home of each, whate'er their lot,  
Then comes the moon, and twinkling star,  
They smile on all, both near and far.  
And showers come to gladden all,  
Be their treasure much, or store small.  
The murmuring winds, and song of bird,  
By rich and poor, with joy are heard.  
On all alike, within her care,  
Doth nature smile, an equal share.

## I SEE THE WONDROUS BOW

I see the wondrous bow,  
That spans the evening sky,  
The beauty of its colors,  
A marvel to the eye.

There's a legend I have heard,  
A story that is told,  
How, at its base, we'd find  
Unnumbered bags of gold.

There was a fair-haired boy,  
Once started for this goal,  
That he, by travel, soon,  
This treasure might unfold.

His footsteps weary grew,  
As onward passed each day,  
And as he traveled on,  
It seemed as far away.

His steps, he hastened on,  
Until a man, was gray,  
But never found the gold,  
That at the rainbow lay.

A lesson here we learn,  
To guide our course each day,  
That not to waste our life  
On visions far away.

---

*Songs of Every Day Life*

---

But to fill well our time,  
In doing what's near-by,  
And if there be the gold,  
We'll find it there, to lie.

**OH! SINGING BIRD**

Oh! singing bird,  
Come sing to me,  
A song of the wild, wild wood,  
In every tree,  
There seems to be  
A sweet song of brotherhood.

Oh! singing bird,  
Come sing of peace,  
In th' forest deep that's lying,  
Relieve the stress  
Within my breast,  
That keeps my spirit sighing.

Oh! singing bird,  
Sing of the flow'rs,  
The wild ones there a-growing,  
That there bloom free,  
For you and me,  
From th' hand of God, a-sowing.

---

*Songs of Every Day Life*

---

Oh! singing bird,  
Sing of the air,  
Where the fairies love to dwell,  
Where there must be  
Joy for me,  
In the forest shady dell.

Oh! singing bird,  
I long to dwell,  
With thee, in the forest deep,  
There I would be  
From trouble, free,  
And peace would her vigil keep.

Oh! singing bird,  
Sing on and on,  
A flood of joy's in thy breast,  
Would all might be  
Like unto thee,  
Then would there be, sweet peace and rest.

## BESIDE THE OCEAN DEEP

Beside the ocean deep,  
I watch the waves at play,  
And long, that I might be  
As joyous as are they.

You sweetly bring to me  
A winsome melody,  
And I could here remain  
And dream this life away.

You tempt the sailor boy,  
By jocund songs you give,  
To sail upon your wave,  
A sailor's life to live.

Swinging in his hammock,  
He sweetly falls asleep.  
You, by your murmurings,  
A soothing vigil keep.

You lure me with your song,  
To voyage on your breast,  
And seek a distant land,  
Where troubles don't molest.

Would that some land, I might,  
Upon a voyage, find,  
Where friends would not forget,  
As they do here in mine.

## THE LITTLE STRANGER

And there came a little stranger,  
Came through anguish, came through danger,  
Came in the wee hours of night,  
Bringing joy and delight.

Came to woman, mother fair,  
Fairest name that earth can bear,  
It they robed in garment white,  
Emblem of the pure and right.

And there was no sign of sadness,  
But a flood of joy and gladness  
For the welcome little guest,  
Which for home is ever best.

After while there came a cooing,  
As life's course was there pursuing,  
Then there bloomed a winsome child,  
Making gladness all the while.

Welcome, welcome, little stranger,  
One has said, who laid in manger,  
That, of such, we all must be,  
If His Kingdom we would see.



### LIFE'S PATHWAY

As we go on life's varied way,  
We'd gather flowers from day to day,  
If we'd but cast our eyes around,  
For by the roadside, they are found.

In many a neglected spot,  
We find them, where we thought them not,  
For, in this life, there beauties be,  
The thoughtless never stop to see.

There is nowhere, no spot nor place,  
We may not find some hidden grace,  
Some virtue buried in the dust,  
Some metal pure, beneath the rust.

There is here, so much that's good,  
Which, we could find, if, we but would  
Stop, just a moment, in our race,  
That we, the lines of good, might trace.

Life here is not a bed of flowers,  
To gladden all our passing hours,  
But much there is that is divine,  
If we'd but seek, the treasure find.

## THE SEASONS

Oh! I love the bright spring time,  
When nature bursts anew,  
And casts the shackles of her sleep,  
When skies are deepest blue.

I love to see the summer time,  
The fields, their fruitage bear,  
To hear the song of harvester,  
That falls upon the air.

I love the autumn days that come,  
When year begins to die,  
'Mid golden tints and balmy air,  
A time I love to sigh.

And hoary winter, with white hair,  
I'm glad when you are here,  
For all must rest, and all must sleep,  
And why not you, Old Year?

I love each season of the year,  
They swiftly come and go,  
For it is what we ought to have,  
This I both feel and know.

## DEATH'S CALL

Oh! it was a goodly companie,  
That gathered there that night,  
The men, they were in gala dress,  
The women were in white.

And merry was the wassail there,  
And jocund was the song,  
As ravishing, the dance, it swept,  
With cadence there along.

The women smiled alluringly,  
To men of gallant mien,  
And ne'er a gayer companie,  
On earth was ever seen.

Within, was cheer and dance and song,  
Upon the hearth, a glow,  
Without, the wind it madly blew,  
The land was lade with snow.

There came a knock upon the door,  
A guest who would come in,  
He said, no place but where I am,  
No place but where I've been.

I come from out the chill and cold,  
I come in day or night,  
I cast a shadow o'er the place,  
I drive from it delight.

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*Songs of Every Day Life*

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And then, the merriment it ceased,  
Aghast, they stood in fright,  
He seized the fairest one of all,  
And hastened off in flight.

As death must come, and death will come,  
It matters not the place,  
It plucks from earth the fairest flow'r,  
As well as withered face.

Oh! it was a merry companie,  
That gathered there that night,  
Till death, it came, with sullen hand,  
And cast thereon a blight.

## MY BOOKSHELF FRIENDS

I have some friends who with me stay,  
And never will they pass away.

When troubles come, and make me sigh,  
And feel as though I'd like to die,

I take me to my study, where  
I find some friends, in truth, are there.

When I am there, and take a look,  
I find a friend in every book.

For none may come, nor enter there,  
That hath not truth, with me, to share.

If I am sad, they me console,  
And thus bring joy unto my soul.

If joy doth have me in her care,  
I find there's gladness for me there.

I'm not alone, where I can read  
That which supplies my mental need.

O! bookshelf friends, would all might be  
Like unto you in constancy.

**THERE IS A PLACE THAT'S BEST FOR  
ME**

There is a place that's best for me,  
There is a place, I'd rather be,  
From pomp and show and vain display,  
It's far, yes, very far away.

It is a place where there are flow'rs  
To sweeten time, as pass the hours,  
Where oft, there comes the song of bird,  
That joy brings, as oft as heard.

And there is something better still,  
The fleeting hours, a place to fill,  
Brings joy there, and wins a smile,  
'Tis merry laugh of winsome child.

And there doth come, with joy rife,  
The sweet voice of a loving wife,  
To make complete this place of mine,  
The joy of which, words can't define.

This place is where, Oh! speak it not,  
Unless it has become thy lot,  
That thou hast ceased, this world to roam,  
And know what is to have a home.

### THE SUBTLE ENEMY

I knew him, a manly man,  
Grown from a blooming youth,  
His heart was full of kindness,  
His soul was full of truth.

His way was full of gladness,  
He had good cheer for all,  
But 'twas his genial nature,  
That caused his sad downfall.

An enemy stole upon him,  
It caught him with a smile,  
It changed his better nature,  
To a being, fierce and wild.

His way of life was darkened,  
It grasped him in its hold,  
It pressed from life its beauty,  
Made a being weak and old.

Thence on, he tottered forward,  
A servile, abject slave,  
He stumbled, fell and died.  
And filled a drunkard's grave.

Alas! for laws and customs,  
That license things so base,  
That will destroy manhood,  
And bring on life disgrace.

## YOUTH

'Tis youth to come with smiling face,  
Like morning light, the world to grace,  
And gladness bring, eschew the tear,  
Make all things bright, and life more dear.

Oh! joy, to live within a clime,  
Where youth would reign there all the time,  
There'd be no tears, there'd be no sighs,  
That age brings here to dim the eyes.

Where there is youth, there dwells the song,  
That gayly sweeps all life along,  
For youth and love so fondly meet,  
That tongues break forth in accents sweet.

The touch of youth, ah! blind my eyes,  
Should I, its magic, e'er despise,  
Then cast me on some desert shore,  
Alone to roam forevermore.

Oh! truth, go cast aside thy crown,  
If, in youth, thou art not found,  
For, in the garden here, of youth,  
No flower blooms as fair as truth.



## A FINE OLD SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN

A fine old Southern gentleman, was he,  
As ever traced a family tree.  
To all, he was so genial and benign,  
You'd call him a prince of mankind.  
And as to the ladies, Oh! such grace,  
'Twould make a king seem commonplace.  
His dress, not foppish, modest and refined,  
That showed the cultivated mind.  
Well read, full from knowledge's store,  
Not pedantic, but learned in ancient lore.  
His word, good as his bond; in anger, slow,  
Sens'tive to honor, nor fearing friend nor foe.  
In hospitality, long as the day,  
For welcomed he, all who came his way.  
True type of manhood, our land to grace,  
Alas! he's passing, and none to take his place.

A SOLILOQUY

When I am gone,  
Will blush the dawn  
The same, ah! yes.  
The same old dress,  
The world will wear.  
Just as they are,  
All things will be;  
The child, with glee,  
Will laugh and play  
The same old way.  
And still, the old  
Will converse hold,  
And stories tell  
How they so well  
Did that or this,  
In youth's fond tryst.  
The murmuring rill  
Will break the still  
Air of the vale,  
And lover's tale,  
Will there be told;  
And joy hold,  
The young heart's sway  
At eve of day.  
The birds will sing,  
And joy bring,  
The breezes soft,  
Will come as oft,

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*Songs of Every Day Life*

---

The flowers smile  
And hearts beguile,  
On summer day,  
But will not stay,  
When winter's frown,  
Makes hard the ground.  
The seasons, too,  
Will still go through  
Their round of place.  
Spring's smiling face,  
The summer's heat,  
Still here will greet  
The harvest moon;  
But then, e'er soon,  
Autumn of gold  
Will touch the soul,  
Then winter's chill  
Its place will fill.  
Who then there be  
Will think of me?  
Some friend that's dear,  
May drop a tear,  
But time'll erase  
That from the face,  
And laugh and song  
Will sweep along  
The same old way,  
From day to day.  
May be a thought,  
Some deed I've wrought,  
Will bring to mind,

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*Songs of Every Day Life*

---

That I was kind,  
And gladness gave,  
Was not a slave  
To worldly gain,  
But anguish, pain,  
I would allay,  
Each passing day.  
In memory's fold,  
Such place I'd hold,  
Dearer by far  
Than shining star  
Of glittering fame,  
Of a great name,  
Who would not feel  
For human weal.

### MY QUEEN

I saw a queen,  
Rich robed was she,  
And courtiers came  
On bended knee,  
And waited there  
At her command,  
As fairest one  
In all the land.  
I did not there  
On her await,  
I cared not for  
Her high estate,  
For she was not  
A queen for me,  
That I would wait  
On bended knee.

I saw a queen,  
In homespun dress,  
She held a babe  
Upon her breast,  
She sat not in  
A palace fair,  
But in a cot  
Was dwelling there.  
She was the one  
Could me command,  
As being fairest

In all the land,  
And I would wait  
On bended knee,  
She was my queen,  
A queen for me.

### SWEET SOUNDS THERE CAME

Sweet sounds there came from out the vale,  
Where love, it there was dwelling,  
'Mid merry songs of winsome birds,  
Their story of love was telling.

A cast of spring was in the air,  
There flowers showed their grace,  
As blooming sweetly there with love,  
They decked her smiling face.

Within that vale, my steps I took,  
Where love was everywhere,  
And wondered what the cause there was,  
Such peace was dwelling there.

I sought for man, but found him not,  
The riddle then I read,  
That he was not a dweller there,  
But peace and love instead.

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*Songs of Every Day Life*

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• ONE LESSON

There is one lesson all should learn,  
'Tis well at life's beginning,  
By kindness, love, and cheerful heart,  
That there can be a winning.

And when the prize by us is won,  
We'll then see no declining,  
By kindness, love, and cheerful heart,  
We'll keep away repining.

A DAY

A streak of dawn is in the East,  
The coming morn is nigh,  
I see the coming of the day  
Reflected in the sky.

I wonder what the day will bring,  
Will it be joy for me,  
Or will it be a day, I'll say,  
I never wish to see?

Ah! day, we know not what's thy store,  
Or what thy end may be,  
Whether joy or sorrow will possess,  
And have control of thee.

Oh! may it be, whate'er may come,  
In patience I will wait,  
And what Thou hast in store for me,  
I'll calmly meet my fate.

If joy comes and happiness,  
May I not be alone,  
But may I share the joy I have  
With those who sigh and mourn.

If sorrow comes to bow me down,  
May I endure the pain,  
And all the ills that fall on me,  
With fortitude sustain.



## MEMORY

As I go down the village street,  
Where are the friends I used to meet?  
I sigh, when told me, now that they,  
Silent, within the churchyard, lay.

'Tis sad to think, as we grow old,  
There're none with us to converse hold  
Of things that were when we begun  
This life, its varied race to run.

I find that it's within the soul,  
We then must all our converse hold;  
Fond memory holds within her care,  
The friends of old, who once were here.

Oh! what a gift, that thus we may  
Bring back to life, the passing day,  
And feel, that though the loved may die,  
That memory, still, keeps them near-by.

## THE FORESTS

I view the landscape far and near,  
And mourn the forests are not here,  
I see the fields and pastures green,  
Where once the stately trees have been.

To me, the land is not so fair  
As when the noble trees were there,  
Within whose depths, like temples old,  
True worship came to bless the soul.

Oh! stately trees, and forest grand,  
Why take them from their parent land,  
Why rob the landscape of their glory,  
And make their beauty one of story?

Man yet will come to rue the day,  
When thoughtless, he cut them away,  
A day may sweep away their grace,  
Which years on years cannot replace.

Oh! sordid man, with all your greed,  
You will not stop at what you need,  
Avarice doth cause you to erase  
A scene that might our Heaven grace.

Beauty, to thee, hath no delight,  
The frost, that kills the flower o'er night,  
Hath soul as much within its hold,  
As doth the one who lusts for gold.

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*Songs of Every Day Life*

---

Oh! child of nature, wild and rude,  
That dwelt within thy solitude,  
Man, bird, and beast, the landscape, all,  
Must move before the white man's call.

His progress seems a very blight,  
To wreck thy beauty over night,  
For where he goes, beneath his tread,  
Thy beauty hath forever fled.

I SING, I SING

I sing, I sing, I sing,  
As brightly shines the day,  
I sing, I sing, I sing,  
Though darkness bars my way.

For what's there to a song,  
But to hearts joy bring,  
And drive away the gloom,  
That hath, within, a sting.

For, if the soul is filled  
With that sweet harmony,  
Vile passions, they will steal  
From out the heart away.

The soul of song and hate  
Cannot together roam,  
More than dark Hades be  
Unto an angel, home.

OH! HEART OF A MOTHER

'Twas th' dawn of creation,  
Eternity's morn,  
When the heart of mother,  
In beauty, was born.

A part of His being,  
The Author then gave,  
That the work of His hands,  
From extinction, would save.

And the cycles of time,  
That compass the earth,  
Might thus have a being,  
To ever give birth.

To give birth, ah! then more,  
That being uphold,  
And by heart of mother,  
Its existence unfold.

Its existence sustain,  
By sacrifice rife,  
As gives she her being,  
Her life, for its life.

Oh! the divine impulse,  
All, any could give,  
One's whole self and being,  
Another might live.

Oh! heart of a mother,  
All thanks to that dawn  
And a merciful God,  
It ever was born.

### VACANT SPOTS

I meet him now no more,  
Upon his daily round,  
He was a man well known,  
Well known throughout the town.

I see him not as oft,  
He used to cross my way,  
Not too absorbed in self,  
Some kindly word to say.

I miss him now, this man,  
Who so, my heart had won,  
By now and then a word,  
As here, his course he run.

These vacant spots, how few,  
That we do meet with here,  
By absence of the ones  
Who carry with them cheer.

He seemed a light, so given,  
'Mid darkness here to shine,  
That we might feel, in man,  
There's something that's divine.

## WHEN A HOME IS NOT A HOME

Oh! I hate to see a child  
Leave its home, without a smile  
On its face, on its face,  
For I know there is something there  
Out of place, out of place.

For I know it's in the child,  
Not to carry gloom, the while,  
On its face, on its face,  
And the gloom that's hanging there's  
Out of place, out of place.

Sad the house, that sends a child  
Thus away, without a smile  
On its face, on its face,  
And the name for home as such,  
Is out of place, out of place.

If it's home, there's all the while,  
Little being, with a smile  
On its face, on its face,  
Name of home is never there  
Out of place, out of place.

## LESSON OF THE BROOK

I sat in a nook,  
By a bubbling brook,  
Said I, Where are you going?  
And it said to me,  
To the big, big sea,  
I am merrily flowing.

I said, with a smile,  
Won't you wait a while?  
No, no, it said, I cannot stay,  
I have work to do,  
As well, ought you,  
So I must hasten on my way.

With a puzzled look,  
I said, Little brook,  
What work have you, please tell me?  
It said, with a cheer,  
The thirsty come here  
And drink, ere I reach the sea.

And when I get there,  
The ocean, so fair,  
Is made by workers like me,  
If it were not so,  
As you should well know,  
There'd be no beautiful sea.



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*Songs of Every Day Life*

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And merry, I sing,  
As on I swing,  
With the duties of the day,  
And I'm happy, too,  
And so will be you,  
If, with joy, you work on th' way.

If rocks are in th' way,  
They will not me stay,  
But I, the merrier sing,  
For when there's trouble,  
'Twill make it double,  
To fret and frown o'er the thing.

With a happier look,  
I said, "Little brook,  
A good lesson you've taught me,  
And while I am here,  
I'll work with a cheer,  
So I may the happier be."

## MOTHER OF MINE

I think of one who was so kind,  
Who ever brought me peace of mind,  
When troubles came, that did oppress,  
She'd sweetly say, come, have some rest.

Then she would sing some old, sweet song,  
That to me never seemed too long,  
A soothing influence, it would bring,  
That drove away the worries' sting.

And troubles then which tore my breast,  
No longer there would it invest,  
But fleeing hence, they'd haste away,  
For, with such love, they could not stay.

I felt and knew, when she was near,  
A being came who bore good cheer,  
As Jacob saw on golden stairs,  
An angel came there, unawares.

Oh, blessed one, whose love sustains,  
And is for thee, when naught remains,  
Oh, would it were, that I could find  
Words to adore that mother of mine.

## THERE'S A CALL TO THE FOREST

There's a call to the forest,  
There's a call to the field,  
Ah! how can I resist  
This, nature's appeal?

The streams are all murmuring,  
And say, come to us here,  
The birds are all singing,  
Come, give us your ear.

The flowers are blooming,  
Ah! how sweet is the air,  
Oh! how can I resist  
The temptation that's there?

The breezes are softly  
Saying, come to us here,  
The skies have a blue dress,  
For spring of the year.

I will go, I will go,  
So winning is the call,  
The gleam of the forest  
Overshadows them all.

When the birds and streamlets,  
And the flowers say, come,  
How can I but heed them,  
Be I ever so dumb?

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*Songs of Every Day Life*

---

Oh! why should I not leave  
Th' glare of the street,  
With the noise and rumble,  
Where busy men meet;

And haste to the forest,  
And haste to the wood,  
Where nature, in her peace,  
Speaks only for good?

## THE WORTHLESS FELLOW

Oh! he was a worthless fellow,  
So the neighbors they all said,  
And they called this worthless fellow,  
Called this fellow, worthless Ned.

He was a lazy sort of fellow,  
And in dress, he was a slouch,  
But he seemed to never mind it,  
For his face wore not a frown.

And he had a kindly manner,  
And there's none who would deny,  
But he had a cheery word,  
And a smile for passerby.

So the children, they all loved him,  
For the stories he would tell,  
Loved him better than another,  
Who was not a ne'er-do-well.

And I wondered if this fellow,  
Whom they call a worthless one,  
Had not given more of joy,  
Than the one, who deeds had done.

## OH! THAT PATCH WORK QUILT

Oh! that patch work quilt, it brings to me  
The golden store of memory,  
As I see many pictures there,  
Of things my friends were wont to wear,  
I see my father's neckchief brown,  
No better man, I thought in town,  
And there my mother's dress of green,  
Fair, sweet woman, as e'er was seen.  
There's Uncle Joe's necktie of red,  
We'd laugh because 'twas like his head,  
And Aunt Sabina, she is there,  
In dress of gray, just like her hair.  
And cousin Sue, I see her, too,  
In a sweet dress of navy blue.  
And there, I see my sister Jane,  
In stately dress of black grosgrain;  
And cousin Lou, who could refrain  
From loving her, in that delaine?  
And Miss Jane Grub, I see her dress,  
My mother said she was the best;  
Oft romping with this gay young miss,  
I used to steal from her a kiss.  
Aunt Dinah's there, with all the rest,  
I see stitched there, her old red dress;  
How joy comes, unto my eyes,  
I almost taste her good mince pies,  
God bless her; joy was in her soul,  
And she was worth her weight in gold.

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*Songs of Every Day Life*

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Oh! many others there I see,  
Of kindred, friends, that used to be,  
Who loved, and were beloved by me.  
They come to me, as in my bed,  
I look and see this patch work spread.  
Ready fingers, you little thought,  
As on this quilt, you working wrought,  
What joy, in time, that you'd bring,  
In doing such a simple thing.  
Ah! nimble fingers, by thy thread,  
You have so, fond memory lead  
To pleasant scenes of days gone by,  
But as I look, there comes a sigh,  
That those we love should ever die.

•  
OLD NICHOLAS JONES

Old Nicholas Jones  
Was a merry old bones,  
They said, soul, he had none  
But for frolic and fun.

None ever saw him cry,  
Nor even did he sigh,  
But mirth, it was there,  
Be it cloudy or fair.

He never had remorse,  
For he never was cross,  
And his life was a smile,  
As he trudged on the while.

And the wonder was why,  
That he ever would die,  
With his frolic and fun,  
His days seemed never done.

Ah! the length of his days  
Came from his merry ways,  
Which might longer well run,  
When thus seasoned with fun.

This lesson, you will gain,  
Which will save you much pain,  
If your life, joy tones,  
As did Nicholas Jones.



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*Songs of Every Day Life*

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Old Nicholas lived long,  
With his smile and his song,  
And when his life was done,  
He was hundred and one.

**OH! BURY ME, I PRAY**

Oh! bury me, I pray,  
In the old fashioned way,  
Beneath the evergreen sod,  
There let me lay  
Till the judgment day,  
When I'm called to meet my God.

May the merry song,  
There, all the day long,  
Of birds, my requiem be,  
And the balmy night,  
With the pale moonlight,  
Bring whip-poor-will's melody.

Dear friend of mine,  
Wilt thou be so kind,  
As to sometimes think of me,  
And some idle hour,  
Come cast a flower  
O'er the one, dear to thee?

## THE SONGS WE USED TO SING

Where are the songs we used to sing,  
Are they all gone? Oh! no.  
They live, in pleasant memory  
Of things of long ago.

Oh! blithesome songs we used to sing,  
When gathered at eventide,  
We sat around the festive board,  
Or met on country side.

Ah! the dear, old songs, they come  
Floating from memory's shore,  
And they fill my heart with sadness,  
That th' singers are no more.

Yes, those who sang those old, sweet songs,  
In happy days of yore,  
Are scattered now, and ne'er will meet,  
Save, on memory's fair shore.

But, I'm filled with gratitude,  
We ever thus can meet  
The sweet song, and the singers,  
In glad communion sweet.

## I THINK OF TIMES OF LONG AGO

I think of times of long ago,  
When things were staid and things were slow,  
It seems to me 'twere better then  
Than now, with all this rush of men.

The stage coach slow might creep along,  
But there was laughter, merry song,  
And converse good, without the jar  
That we find now, with rushing car.

Men came together, brothers strong,  
As slowly, they would trudge along,  
And time there was for converse sweet,  
With those we saw, and those we'd meet.

No telegram to shock us then,  
By quickly telling death of friend,  
But any sad and woeful tale  
Would slowly greet us through the mail.

No telephone to break our sleep,  
When we were then, in slumber deep,  
And in response to broken slumber,  
A voice would say, "wrong number."

A thousand things, I might narrate  
Of this unpleasant change of state,  
Since all is hurry and on th' fly,  
It makes me stop and breathe a sigh.

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*Songs of Every Day Life*

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To me, we are not better now,  
And it doth also seem, somehow,  
Though time's the same, this mad'ning throng  
Makes life, with us, seem not so long.

And all these things, they say improve,  
Puts Father Time but on the move,  
And days are shorter far, to me,  
Than what they ever used to be.

## THE GIRL

Since first the world began to run,  
Joy has come with birth of son,  
Has been the first and last desire  
Of mother, and of every sire.

There's been but little thought of girl,  
Who comes, with love, to bless the world,  
The wish has been, with every one,  
That they be blessed with stalwart son.

'Tis with the coming of the boy,  
There always is unbounded joy,  
But often, there is little cheer  
When it is said, a girl is here.

It seems to me, as life I view,  
The girl is worthier of th' two,  
Has been the one, with fond caress,  
The parent heart, with love, to bless.

When age doth come, and weight of years,  
Who soothes the parent with her tears?  
It is the daughter, who is there,  
And gives the old, her tender care.

Then let none say, that with the son,  
That there has come the only one,  
For, of the two, the lovely girl  
Doth more of joy, give to the world.

## I LOVE AT TIMES TO STEAL AWAY

I love at times, to steal away  
To where the dead in quiet lay,  
And there in graveyard, like to be  
With those who once were here with me.

And when on tombs, their names I see,  
Such thoughts as these, come then to me,  
Here lie the loved, who used to be,  
Beneath the bush, beneath the tree.

And so, as goes each passing year,  
I come and find more friends are here,  
Than do with me on earth abide,  
As swiftly flows life's moving tide.

Though, as I go from tomb to tomb,  
I am not sad, nor filled with gloom,  
For what be death, then come what may,  
I know that all must go that way.

I come not here to be alone,  
I come not here to sigh and mourn,  
But here to sweet communion hold,  
With those who now are of the soul.

The quiet here, that seems to reign,  
Would say, that here's an end of pain,  
And all the weight that sorrows bore,  
Have ended here for evermore.

## THE AUTUMN TINT IS IN THE SKY

The autumn tint is in the sky,  
I see the leaves come floating by,  
They tell me that the summer's gone,  
And dreary winter now is nigh.

They tell me, too, the fields of green,  
No longer will by us be seen,  
Their beauty, charm, have gone from here,  
And are like things that once have been.

They tell me, too, and I must sigh,  
The closing year is now near-by,  
Its circle, soon, it will have run,  
Hath run, and then, it, too, must die.

His hoary locks, we soon will see,  
As hangs the snow on bush and tree,  
His death is near; soon, we will say,  
Good-by, Old Year, to thine and thee.

Glad'll be the time, and joy, the day,  
When all that is, will ever stay,  
And we will see that place and clime,  
Where things will not thus pass away.

Then it will be, we will not sigh,  
Because we need to say good-by,  
To what then is, and those that are,  
For it will be, they'll never die.

## THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

I often think of a house,  
A house that sat on a hill,  
Where the buttercups grew,  
When the sky was blue,  
And I roamed, a child, at will.

I often think of the river,  
There, at the foot of the hill,  
And the joy it gave,  
As there I would lave  
In its waters clear, at will.

I often think of my playmates,  
Who then were there with me,  
And now, as each day  
Doth hurry away,  
I'm sad there are none I see.

I often think of the gladness,  
That then I held in store,  
And now comes a sigh,  
As the days go by,  
That time hath not brought me more.



## FRIENDSHIP'S GUIDE

Bright visions, how oft dispelled  
By some act, unforeseen,  
As untimely frost doth rob  
The landscape of its coat of green.

A look, or word unthoughtful said,  
Doth cause the heart to chill,  
As winter's frown doth cause to cease  
The murmuring of the rill.

Let care be guide for thoughts and acts,  
That doth on feeling play,  
Else many a friend, thou soon wilt find,  
Thou'll drive from thee away.

The heart, it is an instrument  
Of many a varied string,  
And he who does upon it play,  
Must joy or sorrow bring.

Then touch thou, with hand well skilled,  
Upon this instrument,  
If thou wouldst gender there for peace,  
And not bring discontent.

**BE BRAVE, BE CONSTANT, KIND AND  
TRUE**

Be brave, be constant, kind and true,  
And do as you'd have others do,  
And then, in life, you'll have a place,  
'Twould serve him well, a king to grace.

Each one a sovereign realm doth hold,  
Each one is master of his soul,  
Each one a sovereign king may be  
Within the eyes of Deity.

Each one doth have a living soul,  
A spirit within him, to unfold,  
A heritage doth each possess,  
That none can ever from him wrest.

Then fret not thou, nor dost complain,  
From thy murmurings, do thou refrain,  
Thy destiny is in thy will,  
The place is thine, on earth, to fill.

I STOOD UPON THE SHORE OF  
TIME

I stood upon the shore of Time,  
And o'er the years my vision cast,  
And standing there, I then beheld  
The days that were, before me pass.

I saw the times, that used to be,  
When every day was full of joy,  
I knew not then, the cares that come  
In after life, one, to annoy.

I saw the ones, who used to play  
With me, upon the forest green,  
The merry girls and jocund boys,  
None such, I since have ever seen.

I saw my college friends in youth,  
The maidens fair, as there they stood  
In beauty, then upon the verge  
Of lovely, blooming womanhood.

And standing now, what do I see,  
As o'er my path, I now survey?  
The ones who started then with me,  
Have nearly all since passed away.

I find that few are with me now,  
Who then were here, when life begun,  
For they have fallen by the way,  
As on life's journey, they have run.

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*Songs of Every Day Life*

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E'en those who still are with me here,  
The ones who yet with me remain,  
I scarce can think, that they are still  
A part of friendship's fair domain;

So scattered are they, far away,  
Absorbed in other things, beside  
They're lost in sympathy with me,  
As onward goes life's flowing tide.

Alone, I stand, with friendships now,  
But sadness hath my very soul,  
For friendships, those, I have since made,  
Seem not so sweet as those of old.

AT REST

Oh! to be as I were not,  
Laid away, in some forgotten spot  
Where all is quiet, all is still,  
No sound from plain, no sound from hill.

Mayhap, some vagrant, wandering vine,  
My resting place would there entwine,  
And come some humble flower to bloom,  
And garnish there my lonely tomb.

Oh! rest, rest, rest, is what I'd gain,  
Freed from this world's anguish, pain,  
Alone, sweet, sweet would be my lot,  
Better far than live, by friends, forgot.

Ah! friends, not friends, be none so true,  
Who fade not, as before the sun, the dew,  
That time, with fleeting years, apace,  
From memory doth not you erase?

So then, this feverish discontent,  
Where hearts are void of sentiment,  
Peace seems to say, come, take thy rest,  
Where those untrue can ne'er molest.

Nestled there alone, I'd lay  
Disturbed not, save until there may  
Come then, the call, arise, awake,  
To land where friends do not forsake.

## THE OLD HOME

I visited the old, old spot,  
But only found a vacant lot.  
No house was there, for it was gone,  
It burned one cold and winter morn,  
They said. Neglected was the ground,  
The undergrowth was all around,  
Where once were beauteous flowers,  
Nurtured by those loved of ours.  
Solitude seemed to hold its sway,  
To me, 'twas dark, though bright the day.  
All was stillness, save, as I heard  
The sweet song of a forest bird,  
That sang a soothing lullaby,  
And in my heart, there rose a sigh  
For the loved ones, who were no more,  
Unless spiritlike, they hovered o'er.  
Their beings, though I could not see,  
I felt were in sympathy with me.  
Oh! may it be our gracious lot,  
That we be not by friends forgot,  
But may they come, and visit here,  
The places, which to them were dear.

## I LOVE THE QUIET FOREST GLADE

I love the quiet forest glade,  
Where cares of life do not invade,  
For there within the silent air,  
I find my Muse is dwelling there.

She is the sovereign of the glen,  
And fills my heart with music, when  
I sit beneath the spreading tree,  
And words of song, come there to me.

She speaks from every bush and flow'r,  
And joy then doth fill each hour,  
As I remain in wood and dell,  
A subject of her mystic spell.

From every rock, and every tree,  
There comes a language sweet to me,  
That fills my heart with joy there,  
That comes not thus to me elsewhere.

She tells of love, ah! soothing strain,  
I feel that there, I could remain  
Forever, in the woody glen,  
Far from the deeds of heedless men.

I then her humble page could be,  
A child of song and poetry.  
Ah! bright the hour, joyous the day,  
Could I so pass my life away!

OH! MAY I NEVER GROW SO OLD

Oh! may I never grow so old,  
That I do not within me hold  
A quickening heart, to sympathize  
With life, that here around me lies.

May not the song seem just as sweet  
As when, in youth, my friends I'd meet,  
And may there come the glad refrain,  
We've met, and oft shall meet again.

Youth here may fade, as does the flow'r,  
But true hearts have, within, the power,  
Grim visage Time, his hand erase,  
And meet old age with smiling face.

The flowing years, how oft a dream,  
That youth seems but a faded beam,  
And friends of youth, who once were dear,  
Seem all forgot, with age, brown and sere.

Within my heart, be there great cheer,  
When friends of old lend me their ear,  
My memory be no sluggard's field,  
That beauty spots doth not reveal.



NOVEMBER

Thy cloudy skies make weary eyes,  
And one repine for glad sunshine,  
And days that're bright, that bring delight  
    Unto our being.

Thy gloomy face doth joy erase,  
Death recalling, as leaves are falling,  
Now brown and sere, as goes the year,  
    Its joys fleeing.

No flowers bloom 'neath face of gloom,  
And wild winds sigh, as they pass by,  
Bear requiem lay, while on their way,  
    With year a dying.

The birds, in fright, have taken flight,  
And hasten, where the balmy air  
Its joys bring, to make them sing,  
    Their hearts a gladdening.

Thy sadness here invites the tear,  
For days no more that joys bore.  
Ah! go, you vie to dim my eye,  
    And set me brooding.

NEVERMORE

What word is there doth meaning hold,  
That brings a pang unto the soul,  
Or greater sorrow ever bore  
Than comes with thee, thou nevermore?

You cast a shadow o'er our way,  
You drive from life the light of day,  
And on our being doth impress  
The burden of our loneliness.

You crush the visions bright, of youth,  
You shake its faith in what is truth,  
You cause the heart to well with sighs,  
As come from thee the false good-bys.

You cause the teardrop oft to flow,  
As hope, its charm, you oft lay low,  
And to the heart, an arrow send,  
When strongest ties come to an end.

## WITHERED HOPE

I stepped upon the withered leaves,  
As through the forest sere I went,  
The crushing sound that came to me,  
Unto my soul, a sadness lent.

It spoke to me of scattered hopes,  
That now around my pathway lay,  
That once were green and blossoming,  
But now were withered, dead as they.

I threw myself upon the ground,  
Amid the dry leaves, there I lay,  
And sighed that joys and hopes of life  
Should thus e'er wither and decay.

I said, oh! life, with rad'ant dawn,  
Why cast thy darkening shadows here,  
Why 'round us cast thy withered hopes,  
As to the end, we thus draw near?

## MOTHER'S SONGS

I heard a song, it came to me  
From out the realms of memory,  
Was wafted from a nursery, where  
There sweetly sang a mother, fair,  
As she nursed me upon her breast,  
And sang a song of peace and rest.

I heard a song, it was somewhere,  
I knew it was from angel, fair,  
My thoughts, they swept me to the past,  
And there I found an angel cast  
Into the form of mother there,  
As sang she, with each daily care.

Ah! mother's songs, how sweet are they,  
That come from times, now far away,  
Remind us of the cheery smile  
That gladdened life then all the while.  
They linger here, lest we forget  
We and an angel ever met.

WINTER

O'er hill and dale,  
The snow is spread,  
Like winding sheet  
Enshrouds the dead.

So quiet, too,  
O'er vale and hill,  
It seems that now  
Death has his will.

We gaze on land,  
And on the sky,  
And gloom is there  
To take the eye.

The song of birds  
We do not hear,  
For they have fled,  
Through winter's fear.

As chill winds blow  
O'er landscape drear,  
They bring no smile,  
But comes the tear.

Though we may sigh,  
We should not weep,  
Nature's not dead,  
Only asleep.

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*Songs of Every Day Life*

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Soon winter's gloom  
Will pass us by,  
Then there will be  
The bright spring sky.

Oh! may it be,  
From death, its sleep,  
Thus, we'll awake  
'Mid joys sweet.

GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR

Good-by, Old Year, I'm sad you're gone,  
You will not see another dawn,  
And as you leave, we drop a tear,  
While voices sound the glad New Year.

With you was much to make us glad,  
There, too, was much to make us sad,  
For many friends have passed away,  
Like you, they could not with us stay.

You passed so quiet, fell asleep,  
As weary trav'ler in slumber deep,  
We hardly knew you were away,  
Until they said, it's New Year's Day.

Would we might all as quiet go  
When life, its tide, doth here ebb low,  
And waking, have the angels say,  
Come now, unto a glad new day.

PEACE

The old sword hung on th' cottage wall,  
Its look was fierce and grim,  
It told of times, when warriors were,  
An age when love was dim.

The old cat lay on the porch there,  
Napping the hours away,  
The robin sang, in th' soft sunshine,  
A glory to the day.

I rocked me 'neath the apple tree,  
As the balmy breezes came,  
They fanned a something in my heart,  
Akin to love aflame.

The blossoms fell there, from the tree,  
And sweet their odor bore,  
That soothed my soul with the love,  
Which nature had in store.

There came a song from the cottage,  
A sound my ear to greet,  
Sweeter the song that came to me,  
Than blossoms at my feet.

There was a soothing influence  
From out the hand of peace,  
Nor ripple there, to stir my heart,  
Save thought that it might cease.



## AT THE CLOSING OF THE DAY

They are going, swiftly going,  
They are passing fast away,  
It was morning when we met them,  
Now it's evening of the day.

When we met them, youth was buoyant,  
Joyous, as a child at play,  
Now, their step is slow and measured,  
At the closing of the day.

As some weary traveler, stepping  
Slowly on the lengthening way,  
Looking for the journey's ending,  
With the closing of the day.

Casting backward o'er the roadway,  
Many a story now have they,  
Of the times at the beginning,  
Tell they at the close of day.

Meet each other, as in passing,  
Youthful instincts they obey,  
When there comes the hearty greeting,  
At the closing of the day.

White haired veterans of life's battles,  
Scarred with many a hard fought fray,  
They seem resting at life's evening,  
At the closing of the day.

## I KNOW MANY A CHILLY WIND

I know that many a chilly wind  
Will blow from life's troubled sea,  
But I know, that with the sorrows,  
Much of joy will come to me.

I know that many clouds will come,  
That will infest the passing day,  
But soon the sun will shine again,  
And drive the gloomy clouds away.

I know that thousands here there be,  
And that there will be thousands more  
Who'll bear the sorrows, see the joys,  
As the ones who've gone before.

We have a taste of gloom a while,  
And then there comes a time of joy,  
Life's not made of a single kind,  
But it is one of much alloy.

A little touch of sorrow comes,  
And with it, comes a pang of pain,  
But we are all the happier  
When joy comes to us again.

WHAT IS A DAY WHEN PAST AND  
GONE?

What is a day, when past and gone?  
It may be naught to thee,  
What is a day when past and gone?  
It's very much to me.

It's a storehouse of what hath been,  
Of what hath come to me,  
And as I look upon it, gone,  
There's much I love to see.

Though many things are stored there,  
I did not wish to see,  
But they are past, and they are gone,  
And may've been best for me.

It may be so, or may not be,  
Th' troubles I will not see,  
I only let the things of joy  
Be ones that come to me.

I only see the things that're good,  
The bad, they do not last,  
For they are smothered in the grave,  
When all are in the past.

And that's what it should be to thee,  
Thy sorrows should not last,  
But thou should hold to what is good,  
And from thy mind th' bad should cast.

**WE ARE BUT SHADOWS FALLING HERE**

We are but shadows falling here,  
The creatures of an hour;  
We live and bloom but for a time,  
And wither like the flower.

Our being then is lost and gone,  
As rosebud leaves around,  
A while, the place, it's there we're laid,  
And then we're lost in ground.

The dearest ones who bless us here,  
Soon, thus, have passed and gone,  
And soon from memory take their flight,  
As fades the day from morn.

Though evanescent is thy life,  
As anything that grows,  
Hast thou the sweetness in thyself,  
As like the blooming rose?

Would any pluck thee from thy stem,  
For goodness thou possess,  
And press thee to the heart, and say,  
In thee, I have been blest?

Ah! let thy life be worthy here,  
As there that rose in bloom,  
That gladness thou may cast around,  
To drive away the gloom.



